

## **What More Is There For Us?**

I recently remembered a dream I had several months ago, and decided it was creepy enough to share. And if anyone has any ideas as to what it may mean, by all means, I'd love to hear from you.

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I was laying on the ground, and could see the sky. I realized that it was freezing cold. The next thing that hit me was the smell. The smell was of decay, but it was very indistinct, like the extreme cold was covering it up somehow. Wanting to find out what I was smelling, I stood up.

I looked around and realized that I was in a type of courtyard, surrounded on all sides by brick walls. There was no way out that I could see, and the walls must have been seventy feet high. Still somewhat disoriented, I realized that the ground below me was uneven, and I looked around the courtyard at my level for the first time.

Bodies. Bodies in various states of decomposition, absolutely carpeting the ground. Piles and hills of them. And some of them weren't dead.

Some were moaning, and trying in vain to move their arms. Others were crawling, and some were leaning against the walls. The strongest ones limped weakly around the area, seemingly with no particular destination in mind. They were all dangerously thin, though I could only tell from their dirty, unshaven faces, as they wore tattered, thick jackets.

I noticed one of them kneeling next to me, and I watched as he picked up a jawbone, with white gums and blackened teeth. He looked at it apprehensively for a moment, then began scraping at the gums with his teeth, eating whatever he could. When he had picked it clean, he collapsed.

Across the yard, one of the men was babbling to himself, rocking in a corner in the fetal position. Another was ravenously devouring his own arm. Several walked towards me, then descended on the man who had been eating the jaw bone.

A skeleton of a man leaning next to a nearby wall, whom I had previously assumed to be dead, weakly lifted his head and rasped, "What more is there for us?" before wilting once again.